

# Fly Back Home

John Hiatt

Saw a red tailed hawk eatin' road kill  
Said, "Man, what happened to your dignity?"  
He said, "Subdivisions have taken my home  
There's no more pray to eat"

I said, "Where we gonna live?"  
He said, "Anywhere you want to, I guess  
All you creatures walkin' upright 'round here  
Well, you've really made a mess"

I wish we both could fly back home  
To the green fields of our youth  
Where friends and family set the tone  
With the hardcore language of the truth

I know times bent on destruction  
The past is over every day  
I wish we both could fly back home  
But we can't, so I guess I'll just fly away

An owl swooped down  
As I was drivin' my pickup through the creek  
He said, "I was only tryin' to scare ya  
But instead you scared the hell right out of me"

With three hundred and forty-five houses  
A locking differential and four-wheel drive  
I guess you were livin' large there, country boy  
I was just tryin' to survive

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There was a rattlesnake up on the road  
I ran him over and over 'til he died  
Then his ghost rose up  
And curled around this fear I hold inside

And he flew on off to heaven  
As I sat there in my instrument of death  
I had to think what I was doin'  
I had to think just to draw another breath

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